



Im Not Sorry



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Chapter 1 by Nicole Marie

"Well i'm not sorry, so don't expect me to be" I sputter, the tears that welled in my eyes finally falling down my cheeks.

Still, looking into their faces I took a cautionary step backwards, then another three. When I was finally a good three feet from them, I turned on my heel and took off at a run down the hall. I sprinted down the narrow and deserted hallways, my echoing footsteps mixing with the sentries on the empty cement floors. I didn't dare take a second look behind me, but i could hear their footsteps fading. If I had any breath, I might laugh. They wouldn't be able to catch me, even on a bad day.

My breath is drawn and hard, my lungs burning with each breath of air. At the end of the hallway there is a long and dark window. Without pausing I throw myself through it, wrenching my knee when i hit the hard ground. My chest aches and my knee throbs with a certain deadness that tells me i wont be able to run much farther. Blackness dances around the edges of my vision and my breath comes in short raspy bursts. I drag myself into the corner of the room and nearly collapse into the wall. I knew that it was only a matter of time before they found me here, passed out and broken. I laughed a feeble laugh before my eyes flutter shut and i ebb into darkness.

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